BIG CHRISMAS PROGRAM

Boxing Instructor Tholmer Stages Good Bouts.

(From Trench and Camp.)

Christmas, 1918, at Camp Funston will long live in the memory of the colored troops stationed here. Turkey, fights, movies and dancing are enough to force a smile upon the countenance of the most downcast man from anywhere.

The day was given to rest and jovialty.

From the time the stoves began reddening at the K. of C. building No. 3, droves of O. D. clad colored boys started their march to the hall. The place had been gayly decorated with shrubbery, bells, long cords of varicolored silk papers and Christmas tree branches.

In the rear of the hall sets the stage. There Boxing Instructor Tholmer had pitched his arena ready for the day's business. Altho the program had been billed to start at two o'clock, long before that hour a dozen hard fought scraps had taken place.

After a big turkey feed the boys were ready for more fun. This lasted thruout the day.

At 7 p. m. was the hour set for the main scraps which were witnessed by all the 416th R. L. Bn. officers.

Dixon Scott, Co. A, 416th R. L. Bn., versus James Thompson, Co. C, weight 150 pounds. At the first whistle both men dug in to win as quickly as possible. After four rounds of stiff milling Lieutenant Utterbach, who referred both contests decided in favor of Scott.

The next and last bout of the day brought Heinie Hooper, a youngster who has been a consistent winner over his colored brethren, and Hy Williams, 4th Co., 4th battalion. After a fierce battle in which a little claret was spilled, the referee wisely stopped the fight in the third round and awarded the decision to Hooper. The ropes were then lowered, curtain dropped and a five reel picture shown.

After the movies the house was cleared for dancing which lasted till midnight.

MANY SMOKES AND SWEETS

Y War Council Sends Four Million Worth to A. E. F.

(From Trench and Camp.)

Shipments of smokes, sweets, sports supplies, chewing gum and two dozen other commodities to France in November by the Y. M. C. A. indicates that the demands of the soldiers of the American expeditionary forces have not been reduced by the cessation of hostilities, according to announcement from the Y war council. The bill for the month was $3,895,-908.64.

Judging from the amounts which the "Y" spent for cigarets, cigars and tobacco the barrage has not gone out of style with the end of the fighting. Of the monthly total of nearly $4,-000,000 the cost of the weed was $1,-351,001.11. In the shipment were 198,065,320 cigarets, 999,700 cigars and 464,911 pounds of tobacco. Of sweets there were 213,800 pounds of hard candy, 175,918 pounds of chocolate, 329,280 packages of cough drops, 537,600 tins of jam, and 6,541,300 pounds of sugar. The chewing gum consignment would break the backs of a regiment of slot machine loaders; there were 6,100,000 packages.

Add to this such items as 5,542,845 pounds of flour, 1,051,280 cans of condensed milk, 69,924 packages of biscuits,athlitic supplies valued at $173,-334.61, 239,800 pounds of cocoa, much motion picture and stereopticon equipment, 3,000 wrist watches plus such articles as the soldier requires for his toilet, 63,360 sticks of shaving soap, 83,120 cakes of soap, 10,800 tins of talcum powder, 392,000 tubes of tooth paste, 112,320 pocket combs, brushes, safety razors, etc.,—and the scope of the 'Y' activities in a single department are realized.

BARNEY CONFIDENT CHAP

41st Lightweight To Start on Climb to Title Goal.

(From Trenc. and Camp.)

If confidence counts for anything in this world, Barney Ruberry, Camp Funston's dandy lightweight, will be a-knockin' at the championship door some of these fine days. Possession of this self-belief, smart folks opine, is one of the main principles in the makeup of a champion. And Ruberry is one mitt pusher who holds in high esteem his ability to wallop the best lightweights of today.

Ruberry is only a youngster in the game. During his short career he has tackled some of the toughest in the land and nary a black mark can be found on his record. Since coming into the army last spring Barney has improved wonderfully. The careful tutelage of the veteran Tommy Ryan has moulded the Chicago boy into a

TEETH

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The Mysterious Ways of WANG FOO By Sidney C. Partridge

(Copyright, 1918, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE BAMBOO IDOL

"Well, Morehead," said Inspector Gubbins of the Shanghai Police to his chief assistant, "that batch is settled, anyhow. We won't have any more barber rows on the Harris wharf for a little while now. The Mixed Court Magistrate gave them sixty blows apiece and two weeks' wooden cangue on the spot where the fight took place. You know, it isn't such a bad idea, this punishing a man on the place where he commits the crime; it gives them all a good chance to see justice administered."

"That's so, Chief," answered the assistant. "I've sometimes thought it wouldn't be so far out of the way to have a little of it in the old country. That's what they used to do in the old days of the stocks and whipping-post, you know, and, after all, the wooden cangue is only another form of stocks. But doesn't it remind you of the Arabian Nights, this silly nonsense about barbers? Just think of a fight in London and a lot of barber chaps nearly killing each other just because they didn't go to the same church! They're worse than Mohammedans, they really are."

"Is that what started it? I didn't hear the first of the evidence."

"Why, yes; you see two old barbers of the barbers' guild have had the monopoly of shaving the coolies on the Harris Wharf for years, and yesterday along came a couple of new chaps who don't belong to the guild and don't worship the same barbers' idol and set up their shop, and up starts the fight with those Chinese razors. They're sharp, too; the second mate of the 'Shoo Fow,' who rushed in to separate them, came near being badly cut."

"Just another case of 'Him no chin-chin same joss,' as Detective Chang says when I ask him what starts the ordinary street wheel-barrow fight, eh?"

"They certainly are mighty clannish, Sir."

The foregoing conversation between the Inspector and his assistant in the inner police office was hardly over when a knock was heard at the door and the native officer on duty brought in the chit-book from the British Consulate and handed a message marked "urgent" to his chief.

"Well, here we are again; I wonder what's up now? Perhaps the barbers are at it once more."

"Perhaps it's a lot of their friends come down to the wharf to get even with the other fellows. They often do that, you know."

The Inspector tore open the envelope, saying as he did so to the officer:

"You tellee coolie waitchee answer."

swer."

The message read as follows:

To Inspector Arthur Gubbins, Shanghai Police: Sir.—In the absence up-river of Sir Thomas Bradley, K. C. M. G., the Consul General, I beg to request your presence, without delay, at the Consulate, to consult about a disturbance of a very serious nature that took place in the Settlement last evening. I am, Sir,

Very truly yours,
William Walpole,
H. B. M. Vice Consul, in Charge.

Handing a reply to the waiting messenger, the Inspector turned to Mr. Morehead and asked, as he passed the paper over to him, "What's this? Any report from headquarters or from the branch station about a row last night?"

"Not a word, Sir; the docket is all clear."

"Well, perhaps there's some reason for the native officers' keeping it secret. I'll go right over and see what it's about."

He put on his long uniform coat, took his official cap from the hook, and, hurrying out to his waiting jinrik-sha, ordered the coolie to take him to the Consulate. He was ushered at once into the private office and after the usual greetings was asked to take a seat at the Consul's desk, the doors having been closed and the curtains closely drawn.

"Gubbins," began His Majesty's representative, "I'm in a quandary and I've sent for you to help me out. I've been a good many years in the service and I flatter myself that I know these people pretty well, but every now and then something new turns up and I find myself as puzzled as an ordinary globe-trotter on his first arrival. You have had a good deal of experience in dealing with them too, but I imagine that sometimes you get into a fix as well as myself and then you have to—"

"Have to send for some old missionary who speaks the local lingo to worm it out of them," said the Inspector, helping to finish the sentence.

"Yes, after all, we study and study, but the people who live among them day and night are the only ones who ever really 'get under their padded vests,' as my Chief says."

"That's so, and yet, do you know, old Dr. Johnson, of the Mission Hospital, told me only last week that sometimes he's just as badly off as we are, and he's been out here forty years and speaks the lingo like a native."

"He's right, he's right—well, here's the case: This morning, when I came down to breakfast I notice my number-one boy had his head all plastered up. I asked him what was the matter and all I could get was, 'My makee fallee down stairs last night.' Now that would have gone all right if the number-two boy hadn't come in a few minutes later with a bandage around his eye, and when I asked him if he had fallen down stairs, too, he stammered and said, 'My comee in velly late, no can see that gate, have hittee eye-side.' I began to be a little suspicious when I saw two of them crippled up, but I could have passed their Chinese yarns even then, if I hadn't met Anderson and Broadmoor at the Club this noon and heard them say that there must have been a fine old house-boy fight last night, for both their boys had black eyes and other tokens of a scrimmage. And now in comes old Goldman, the bill-broker, and asks me what was going on last night out on the Bubbling Well Road, for both his boys are laid up and, for all I know, perhaps a dozen others, and yet no one of us can find out a blessed thing about it. There evidently was a big row somewhere, but where or how, or why nobody knows."

"That's very strange, Sir, for no report has come in to us. I'll go right back and have every officer on night duty examined. But, first, would you mind my calling in the boy and asking him a question or two?"

"Certainly not; I'll ring for him."

The number-one boy came promptly.

"Where was that fight last night?" asked the Inspector, very pointedly.

"My no savee," was the only reply.

"Call number two boy," said the Consul.

"Where was that fight last night, and who gave you that eye?"

"My no savee," was the only satisfaction he received, though the question was repeated several times.

After other ineffectual attempts to get any information out of the stoical servants, the Inspector rose and said: 'You see, Sir, how absolutely impossible it is to get anything out of them; you might just as well address your questions to a stone wall. I'll go back to the office and get the native detectives on this thing at once."

Every Chinese and every Sikh policeman on night duty in the Settlement appeared before the Chief during the next twenty-four hours and was closely questioned as to the scrimmage in which, up to the latest report from outside, over thirty servants in foreign employ had been badly injured. The only answer was that not a sign of any disturbance had come to their notice!

The Inspector was non-plussed and sent for Morehead.

"Call Detective Chang and have him go into this thing thoroughly," said the Inspector. "Tell him to use all his native tricks and ferret this thing out. There's been a big fight here, right under our very nose—for these chaps couldn't get far away—and the whole department is responsible for it. Now don't leave a stone unturned."

The wily and skillful Chang and his assistants had the case committed to their charge, but after a week's careful investigation, they were obliged to report, in the brief but significant phase of the house-boys, "My no savee." The mystery simply deepened day by day.

"Do you man to tell me that your entire force isn't able to locate this affair?" asked the Consul of the Inspector, after the latter had reported to him their somewhat ignominious failure.

"We've done the best we could, Sir, but their lips are sealed like the tombs of Egypt. They'll die before they'll let out a word. You see, if it had been in the native city, we might get at something by torture, but that's agin the law in the British Settlement. Time is the only thing, Sir; if we wait long enough, some one of them will be sure to leak it out, but——" here he paused for a momnt—"it may be months, perhaps years."

"Well, Gubbins, we may as well confess it, we're pretty helpless. Aren't we?"

"I am sorry to say it looks that way, Mr. Walpole."

"Have you thought of getting that clever chap up from Hong Kong? He might get at it as an outsider, you know."

"You mean Wang Foo, the Mysterious?"

"Yes, I think that's his name. The one who recovered Lady Evington's jewels in the famous robbery case. Why not send for him—on the quiet, of course—and let him get to work at it, without any suspicion?"

"There's no harm in trying, Sir."

And this is why, a week later, Wang Foo bade adieu to the Venerable Grand One at his humble home in the Red Cloud Alley, and directed his faithful coolie to carry his pig-skin trunk aboard the English mail-boat, lying at anchor in the harbor of Hong Kong, the "Fragrant Waters."

Not far from the side gate to the European cemetery, on the outer edge of the foreign Settlement at Shanghai, is a pathway that winds through a grove of clustering bamboos and brings one to the Temple of the Foo Chow Guild. It is a favorite resort of the Fukinese residents of the port, but a white man rarely visits it, for the path is rough and winds by the side of a slimy creek whose waters give forth most offensive odors. Passing through a series of brick white-washed archways, one comes at last to the shrine, which seems old and dilapidated and has nothing of architectural beauty to attract a visitor. On either side of the court-yard are rooms containing the coffins of those who have died in Shanghai and who are awaiting eventual transportation back to the "Foo" or "Happy" Province, where their bones will rest in peace by the side of those of their ancestors. Two old priests and a handful of lazy coolies comprise the living outfit. Twice a year, however, the place is a scene of lively ceremonies; in August on the Feast of the Returning Souls and in March, on the birthday of the Queen of Hades, when the venerable idol of bamboo which stands in the centre is exhibited to the admiring and adoring crowds. It is a curious old relic, this idol, scarce a foot and a half high and delicately carved out of the most popular wood of the country. No one knows how old it is, nor who was the man who made it—the tradition indeed being that it floated down one day from the clouds, on the back of the fairy turtle of the ancient tales. It is, however, the protecting and guardian divinity of all those who come from the Happy Province. To it they are bound to pay their devotions and they violate its wishes at their peril. One of its hands holds a slender wand and the other is raised as if in the act of blessing.

One August night, on the eve of the Feast of Returning Souls, a motley crowd were assembled at the shrine. The air was filled with the odor of burning incense, gongs to call back the waiting souls from earth to hades were being beaten and offerings of rice and tea and wine and imitation money were being presented to the Queen. Suddenly a wild demon shriek was heard and as a voice in the crowd called out, "Back to hades with your people, miserable deceiver of humanity!" a missile was hurled through the air directly at the goddess and, striking the uplifted hand, broke off two of the bamboo fingers which fell at the feet of the awe-struck devotees. Pandemonium reigned in an instant. Yells and execrations filled the air, and every man seized his neighbor in an attempt to apprehend the desecrator. In the midst of the confusion a tall, wild figure, his face flushed with native wine and his eyes starting from their sockets, broke through the crowd and, screaming, "Away with your worthless bamboo idol!" he dashed towards the gateway and was lost in the darkness before anyone could stop him.

"A Ning Po man, a traitor from another province," they cried. "Seize him! Kill him!" It was all too late, he was gone.



Suddenly a wild demon shriek was heard and a missile was hurled through the air directly at the goddess

After various attempts to restore order and quiet, the form of an old white-bearded man arose and, standing on the upper steps, motioned them to silence. The inherent Chinese respect for age secured him a hearing.

"Listen to the old one! Listen to our father!" they cried.

"My children from the Happy Province," he said. "We will avenge this insult to our Goddess." And raising his long and bony arm towards heaven he cried: "The curse of the Bamboo Queen and the Hairy Turtle be upon the villains from Ning Po."

Shouts of approval greeted this announcement and there and then the pledge was sealed.

After a quiet night at the home of his old friends, the Hong Kong basket-maker and his family, Wang Foo, attired in the modest gown of the Chinese scholar, presented his card at the office of the Inspector of Police and was at once admitted to the inner sanctum.

"I am very glad to have the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Wang. My esteemed predecessor, Inspector Sharpley, has told me of you and of your wondrous ways."

"The pleasure is mine, Sir, and it is always a privilege to serve you and the Department in the interests of law and justice. You have done me the honor of sending for me and now my time and my talents—such as they are—are entirely at your disposal. As Yuen Yuan the great Disciple of Confucius said, 'To make no boast of talent, nor show of merit were my wish.'"

"There certainly are great things in those ancient books of yours, Sir. I often wish that I could read them."

"I would that all Europeans were more familiar with the Master's words," replied the visitor; "it would help them better to understand my people."

"Well, Sir, now to the case before us. The morning is ours; let us go into it thoroughly. If you have no objection, Chief Detective Morehead will share the conference with us. He is a splendid fellow and knows all the circumstances as well as I do. May I offer you a mild cheroot, Sir?"—opening a fresh box of Manilas—"Captain Wemyss of the Flagship just brought them up from the Philippines. They ought to be good ones, for the old sailor is quite a judge."

Wang Foo with the politest of bows accepted the proffered cigar and the Inspector began his tale, while his guest listened most attentively and took the usual copious notes.

"We are face to face, Sir, with a most mysterious and, at the same time, a most annoying occurrence, which, if left unsolved, will reflect most seriously upon myself and all the members of the force. The circumstances are briefly these: on a certain morning some twenty-five or thirty house-boys and servants in European employ are discovered to be suffering from cuts and bruises, more or less serious, which were evidently the result of a midnight scrimmage somewhere in the Settlement. We have made the most thorough investigation, but up to the present time we cannot find a trace of the place where it occurred or of any of the circumstances. Everything is reported, officially, as having been perfectly quiet that night throughout the entire district, yet every one of these boys bears the marks of a most serious row."

After answering several detailed questions of Wang Foo, he continued: "The strangest thing about it all is that these are not coolies or rowdies at all, but the quietest and most law-abiding class of native servants, and not one of them has ever been up before the police for a disturbance. Now, what in the name of goodness could be the motive for such an attack upon them—for attack it evidently was—and, furthermore, why are they so everlastingly mum about it? They have done all in their power to conceal the effects of it and every mother's son of them has declared it was an accident or his own fault—of course a perfect pack of lies from beginning to end."

The Chinese detective thought long and carefully and, after referring again to the little leather-covered note-book which he had drawn from his sleeve, propounded to the foreign officers these three inquiries:

"You are quite positive that all the boys who were injured belonged to the house and not to the office staff?"

"Yes, Sir, I believe every one of them was a domestic servant. But Morehead, make a careful note of the date and don't let anything interfere with your being here all day, mind that."

"I'll be right on deck Sir; you can rely on me for that. And in the meantime, I suppose"—placing his forefinger on his lips—"mum's the word, Sir?"

"Mum's the word," replied the Chief, as he rang the office bell for his jinrik-sha.

In the quiet and retirement of the upper room in the basket-maker's house, the man of mystery was at work nightly upon the problem. A week had already passed by since his interview with the officers and slowly, one by one, he was forging the links in the chain of evidence.

Two things were already perfectly clear: first, it was an inter-provincial row and, second, it must have been in some way associated with the provincial honor, or they would not have leagued themselves together to keep it secret. Fear of some kind had sealed their lips. Fear of what? Evidently of the anger of some local god. As regards the former, every victim was in the house-boy class and a careful list of the homes where they were employed showed that, without exception, they were Ning Po men. This was clinched by the fact that the office staff and the horse-boys were from Canton and the coolies natives of Shanghai and not one of them had been touched. It was an attack upon the Ning Po clan alone. As regards the second point, something must have occurred to cause a rival clan to make the assault, but how, or when, or why? This was the puzzle. Wang Foo recalled the words in the great classic: "The princely man stands by his kinsmen," and he knew that it must have been a carefully planned and a concerted action. They were all in it—and they were in it together.

But the star, the wounds in the shape of the star that Morehead had described, the star with one point longer than the others, what of that? He lighted his little cloissonne pipe and leaned back in his wicker chair, repeating these words over to himself: "A star with three points; a star with three points; one point longer than the others—longer than the others." His eyes rested upon the ceiling, where hung the tablet with the household motto:

"The Perfect Rest of The Bamboo Heavens."

Why did he start up so suddenly? Why did he jump to his feet with a sudden inspiration? Why? Because, right above him shone the golden outline of the three-pointed star of his search, the ancient Chinese symbol for bamboo. Yes! There it was, with one point oblique, one horizontal, and one vertical, longer than the others! The mystery so far was solved: every one of these victims had been struck with a weapon cut in the shape of the character for bamboo! Truly had the Venerable Grand One blessed him on his departure with, "A happy star guide thee on thy way!"

The following afternoon a native traveler, with beard and cue of grey, hailed a wheel-barrow coolie plying for hire on the Road of the Bubbling Well and asked him:

"Knowest thou the way to the Temple of the Bamboo Idol?"

"Aye, Father, I know it well. Take thy seat upon my barrow and for thirty coins of brass I take thee safely there."

"Fellow, I give thee twenty."

"'Tis well, my daily rice-bowl is not yet filled; take thy seat upon the barrow and begrudge me not the wine-money at the close."

The traveler descended at the gateway of the Temple and for a few coppers induced the unsuspecting priest to unlock the shrine. He bowed reverently before the idol and, noticing the missing fingers, asked how it came about. The old priest hesitated, but finally, as a tribute to his age and simple manner, told him the story of the riot and the curse of the Queen of Hades and the Hairy Turtle pronounced upon the villain from Ning Po. They sat down together and drank their tea and smoked the pipe of hospitality. The guest finally inquired, as he rose to leave: "And did they find the Ning Po man and wreak the curse upon him?"

"No, they never found the man, but some of the guild of Foo Chow men, I hear in private, redeemed the honor of the Bamboo Goddess, and gave the Ning Po guild the sign of the sacred tree, by beating them with the temple staffs."

* * * * *

Inspector Gubbins looked at his watch.

"Morehead," he said to the waiting Assistant, "it's past ten now and Wang Foo was due this morning." Scarcely had he uttered the words when the office coolie brought in the card of the expected visitor. He was most cordially greeted, welcomed to a seat, and, after the door was carefully locked, the interview began.

"Well, Mr. Wang, we hope you have brought us cheering news."

"I bring you news, Sir, most certainly, but whether it is exactly cheering or not will remain for you to say."

The Chinese Detective then proceeded to unfold his tale. It was simply the old story, somewhat complicated, of an inter-provincial fight, in which superstition and religious fear had played a prominent part. The man from Ning Po who had hurled the stone at the bamboo idol, was in a state of intoxication, and had been taken by his barrow to the Foo Chow Temple instead of to his own. Not realizing at all what he did, or what the consequences would be, he had, in his drunken rage, assaulted the idol of the rival clan. He had escaped and had probably, on returning to his sense, fled to parts unknown. Some members of Foo Chow guild, having pledged themselves to avenge the insult to their protectress—and fearing if they did not do so, that she would wreak her vengeance upon them and their families, had hired three low fellows of the yamen-runner order to disguise themselves as Ning Po visitors and obtain admittance to the meeting of the Ning Po guild, which the house-boys were innocently attending. They armed themselves with the temple-clubs, carved with the symbol for bamboo, and suddenly turning down the lights, struck at every member of the guild within their reach, shrieking as they did so: "The curse of the Bamboo Idol and the Hairy Turtle." And then they escaped into the darkness.

"But why didn't they seize them there and then? Do you mean to tell me that twenty-five or thirty men would allow themselves to be thus held up by three?"

"Not ordinarily, of course, but you see in this case, the suddenness of it and the religious fear completely paralyzed them."

"Well, why didn't they report it to their masters and to the police? Why all this air of mystery about it and this lying out of it? Were they ashamed of it?"

"Partly so; but, you see, this was a matter of the guild and one of the first principles of a Chinese guild is, 'Keep out of the clutches of the law,' and no one wants to be the one to involve the others in trouble. The moment they heard the words, 'Curse of the Hairy Turtle,' which always strikes terror to the native heart, they knew that some Ning Po man had desecrated an idol somewhere, and the words, 'Curse of the Queen of Hades,' identified it at once with the Temple of the Foo Chow guild. So they at once agreed to keep it absolutely secret."

"But how will it be settled up between them?"

"Oh, that will be all adjusted in a few days by a mutual feast at some tea-house, and, justice having been done, and 'face' saved, as they say, they will smoke the pipe of peace and drink the wine of harmony, and all will go on merrily again. 'To restore mutual harmony,' in the words of the Master, is the great virtue of human life."

"Just one question more, Mr. Wang, that puzzles me; how did those chaps in the Temple know that the assailant of the goddess was a Ning Po man? Was it his clothes?"

"Oh, no, not necessarily; they knew it at once from his accent—you see the dialect is quite different there from here or from Foo Chow."

"What are we in the Department to do about it, then?"

"There is absolutely nothing that you can do about it, gentlemen, and, in the words of your own Western wisdom, I advise you to let well enough alone. The guilds and clans prefer to settle their own affairs under their own roofs——"

"Or," interrupted Morehead, "as we say at home, don't interfere in a family squabble."

"Yes, that's it," replied the man of mystery.

THEY CONSERVED.

He had prolonged his visit till half-past ten o'clock, and it had been an enjoyable evening. As he arose to go he became nervous and stammered out:

"Miss—Miss Ruth, you do not read the newspapers, do you?"

"Why, of course," she promptly answered. "Don't you suppose that every woman and girl wants to know about the war."

"Y-e-s. Maybe you have read about the new revenue tax?"

"Yes, I have read all about it."

"And, in order to raise a billion dollars more, they are going to put a heavy tax on—on—on marriage licenses."

"Yes, I saw that," she demurely replied.

"After sixty days they are going to put the tax on. This is a time to study economy and conservation, you know. If any couple was thinking about—about getting married, you know, they could save this tax by hurrying up a little."

"Yes, we must all conserve," she blushingly answered. And they went back to the parlor and had the whole matter settled in twenty minutes.

SHE DOUBLED HIS CROP.

"Say, how did you get along with your harvest last Fall?" he asked of a farmer.

"Oh—pretty well—pretty well," was the reply. I had no hired men, of course, but I picked up help, here and there, and got through."

"Did you have any women working on your farm?"

"Yes, I had one for two or three days. She said she knew all about farming, and I gave her a hoe and set her to digging potatoes. I don't think she had ever been on a farm before in her life, but she was anxious to earn some money. Say, it made me laugh, in spite of my loss."

"How did you lose?" was asked.

"Why that woman dug twenty bushels of potatoes in one day. She cut about ten bushels in two with her hoe, because she didn't know how to open the hills, and, when I discovered what she had done, and scolded her a little about it, she replied:

"So I have cut ten bushel of potatoes in two, have I? Well, you are the gainer by it. I have just doubled your crop. Where before you had ten bushel, you have twenty now!"

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

"Say," said a citizen, entering the police station, "I ain't an alien enemy and don't want any trouble. A little girl just asked me how many stars were in the American flag, and I didn't know. The grocer didn't know; and two other men didn't know. I don't want to be one of those things they call a pro."

"Oh, I guess you are all right," said the sergeant, in a fatherly way.

"By George!" said the sergeant to himself as the citizen departed. "I've had a narrow escape! Suppose he had asked me how many stars there are?"